



Innis Herald

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The ROM: New! Improved!

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The Margin: Amnesty and Human Rights

by Jeremy Adelman

The problems of the world's "marginal" areas (smaller countries outside mainstream western culture) are complex, diverse, and unfortunately neglected by the world's "central" areas (including Canada). The dilemma is compounded by our ignorance about the "margins" of the world's "marginal" areas. Thus human rights issues of the rural areas (as opposed to the more central cities) of developing countries are seldom exposed.

Even in Poland, for instance, we are familiar with the plight of Solidarity in Cđansk, Warsaw and other cities. But little is known of rural Solidarity. From October 11-18, Amnesty International, in its Prisoners of Conscience Week, has tried to raise the issue of human rights violations in rural (marginal) areas.

Amnesty points out that there are particular difficulties in working for human right in the margins. The main problem stems from lack of information and poor communication. In many cases mainstream networks of communication are uninterested or incapable of penetrating a series of barriers: the rural areas are far from the cities and therefore not easy to reach; there are often language or cultural differences which engender "mutual distrust or suspicion", which "may further hamper communication."

There are also obvious problems of organization in illuminating human rights violations. In communities with scattered populations and little experience in banding together, exchange and communication with the cities are limited.

In many cases state fear of insubordination from rural areas leads to systematic repression of rural organizations. In the Philippines and El Salvador, for instance, peasants are often caught between state forces and dissident armed forces. In both cases the state has assumed, *ipso facto*, that vast numbers of peasants are sympathetic to liberation forces.

In Guatemala civil war has been waged for years. The Press Secretary to the President is on record as having stated: "The guerillas won over



PHOTO BY SVETILLOVA

many Indian collaborators. And how do you fight subversion? Clearly you had to kill Indians, because they were collaborating with subversion." In Guatemala repression in rural areas assumes a genocidal nature. To heap tragedy upon tragedy, we are frightfully unaware of its dimensions.

Thus even if rural workers choose to organize in establishing links with centres of communication, they are viciously squashed.

Not all the impediments to communication come from the margins, as Amnesty illustrates. In many cases organizations concerned about human rights violations don't have enough resources or funds to reach the marginal areas. Thus they depend on information from urban-based groups. Once the information is received there is little chance of verifying the reports. Lack of funds and poor information infrastructure only perpetuate the centre's ignorance of known violations in the margin.

Amnesty's "Prisoners of Conscience Week" was devoted to the exposure of human rights violations in neglected areas of the world. For instance, a Mexican man has been incarcerated illegally for organizing Indians in an effort to regain their lands. He is still held under fraudulent charges. In Peru, the director of an agrarian institute at the forefront of a movement to protect communal rights to land has been detained under the charge of "terrorism". The Armed Forces claim the institute was a "façade for subversive activities." A South Korean agrarian cooperative worker has been delivered two life sentences for membership in a "pro-Communist group" and working to overthrow the State. Amnesty believes the charges to be unfounded.

Another case presented during the week was that of a Yugoslavian pharmacist and former member of the Croatian Peasant Party (Croatia's largest party prior to W.W. II). He was jailed for having "spoken critically of Yugoslavia's political system and leadership" and spreading "hostile propaganda". These cases attest to the plight of the margins of states with illegitimate governments trying to maintain their authority.

Amnesty believes that remedial action can come from international organizations. International human rights covenants must be strengthened and enforced. The mandate of the International Labour Organization must be expanded. There must also be more consideration and cooperation between all groups concerned.

But in essence most paths lead to the problem of communication. Amnesty also believes that there should be more active consciousness-raising activity, especially in the "centres" of the global political structure. The awakening of world opinion is primal to the improvement of communication with the marginal areas of this planet. Amnesty, boasting over 200,000 members and involved with 134 countries, can certainly be considered a cornerstone organization in the endeavour to improve the lives of millions in both centres and margins of the world.

A Student's Guide to Wine

by John Hamilton

Being a student, for most of us, means living within the confines of a tight budget. This does not mean that the student searching for a good buy in the wine section of the local LCBO has to resort to Chateau Screwtop. There still exist a number of good inexpensive wines. All you have to do is look a little bit and learn to pay attention to the small print on the label.

Wines like the German *Winzertanz* and *Block Tower* are dreadfully overpriced. Wines of equal or better quality can be found at a far lower price. The thing to remember when buying German (or Austrian) wines is that the classification is clearly marked on the label. This quality control is strictly enforced by the governments of both countries. These classifications, in ascending order, are: Tafelwein (table wine, the grapes may come from outside of the country); Deutscher Tafelwein (a better table wine, grapes must be grown in the country); Qualitätswein (above average in quality, made from approved grape varieties); and Qualitätswein mit Prädikat (the highest classification and probably beyond your budget, except on special occasions).

Until recently *Block Tower* was rated as a Tafelwein but was priced far higher than many Qualitätswein brands. Lately, possibly out of guilt, they have upgraded quality. What follows is a list of some of my favorites which combine quality and economy.



Magic Flute

This is an Austrian Qualitätswein which sells for \$6.70 in the one-litre size. It is rated as a (2) in the sweetness category and sells for \$1.00 to \$1.50 less than comparable German brands. My favorite.

Biancofiore

At \$4.60 a litre this is a steal. La Plume restaurant in Cabbagetown uses it as the house wine. Need I add that it's from Italy. Far better and 50 cents cheaper than Colli Albani and the bottles aren't filthy dirty and covered in God knows what. Rated a (0) in the sweetness area.

Torgiano Bianco

Another Italian. Was formerly selling at \$4.70 per litre, now reduced to \$4.00. Not as delicate as *Biancofiore* but still as good as any and better than some. Was and maybe still is the house wine at the Peter Pan. Great for spritzers. A (0).

Le Piat D'Or

A French white which is rated a (3) but tastes drier. Comparable to many of the German Qualitätsweins and at \$5.60 about a dollar cheaper. The bottle and the label are attractive, too.

Gelosu Cuvee Blanc

The grapes are shipped whole from California and Florida and vinified in Quebec. Slightly astringent after taste but at \$6.60 for a litre and a half, who's complaining. A great party wine when a little money has to go a long way.

Council Notes

by Roddy McDonald

The Innis College Council, which is the governing body of our college, meets on a monthly basis to consider matters of importance to the Innis Community. The Council is made up of equal numbers of students and non-students and its meetings are generally open to all members of the college community. The first meeting of this academic year was held on October 12th. This year the Innis Herald will have a regular report on the activities of Council as well as provide some background material to explain how the issues developed and why they are important (if applicable - Ed.).

At the top of this month's agenda was the approval of the Principal's nominees. Each year the Principal is asked to nominate eight members of Council who are neither employees of the University working at Innis (ie. administrative staff) nor members of the Faculty of Innis College teaching staff. The guidelines for the interpretation of the Innis College Constitution ask the Principal to "attempt to reflect the current concerns of the College in his selection and as well (to) attempt to include individuals from ... other Faculties (and) Divisions within the University as well as members from the outside community." The Council approved and welcomed all of the eight nominees listed below.

The Chairman and Secretary of Council are generally elected at the first meeting and this year Hugh Palmer and Pat McDonnell were acclaimed as co-chairmen; Audrey Perry and David King were acclaimed, once again, as co-secretaries (that's what they get for doing such a good job in years past).

The next item of business was the Principal's Report. Dennis Duffy informed the Council about two groups currently working on the so-called "College question", that is, the role and responsibilities of the colleges and the departments. The "Dean's Advisory Committee" is composed of seven departmental chairmen (each representing a cluster of related departments) and the Principal of Victoria College. It is advisory, not legislative, and one of its concerns will be the establishment of guidelines for College/Department relations. The second group is the "President's Working Group" (to be chaired by Professor Dalzell of Trinity College). It is a larger committee, consisting of the Dean of Arts and

Science, seven departmental chairmen (the same seven advising the Dean), the Principals (or Vice Provost) of each of the St. George campus colleges, President Ham and four other members designated by him. This committee will be concerned with larger institutional issues (bloc grants, professors' contracts, etc.). Duffy pointed out that the work of these committees shouldn't overlap, and he promised to keep Council informed of their progress.

The report of the ICSS included an announcement of the date of the Budget Meeting (now passed -- what, you missed it?). President Tim Cholvat also announced that the date of the Innis Informal Formal has been set as March 12th.

It was noted that all eighteen of the elected student seats on Council have now been filled. There are a total of twenty-two student seats; four of them are ex officio.

The Planning Coordination Committee announced that they would present their report at the next meeting of Council. The report deals with future planning for all aspects of the college for the next five years. A basic outline of the structure of this report was presented to Council. The committee (consisting of academic staff, administrative staff and students) has been meeting almost weekly since the beginning of the summer to draft this important report. After Council's standing committees have had a chance to digest the report and offer any amendments they feel are necessary, the Council will be asked to adopt it as a college policy document.

In other business, the chairmen of the various standing committees (Academic Affairs, Admissions & Awards, Counselling, House, Reading Room and Residence) outlined the tasks facing each committee this year. This allowed members of Council to decide which of the committees they wished to serve on. In addition, the chairman of Admissions & Awards read into the record the names of the recipients of the scholarships and awards granted by the committee last spring. Further, it was noted that Innis has approximately 236 new students this year and that 91% of them had received some form of counselling from the college prior to registration. The summer counselling program was considered a success.

As the year progresses the College Council and its committees will deal with a myriad of items of importance to members of the Innis community - not least of which will be the adoption of the report of the Planning Coordination Committee. The next Council meeting will be on Tuesday November 9th (at 4:00pm in room 312). This year's Council members are listed below; feel free to make your concerns known to them, after all, they represent you on Innis' governing body. Every member has a mailbox in room 127; leave

a message there if you have a matter you would like to see raised at Council.

If you're concerned with Innis College, Council meetings concern you.

COUNCIL MEMBERS 1982-83

Principal's nominees

Prof. John Beckwith, Faculty of Music
Dr. John Browne, Faculty of Medical Sciences
Carole Cillin, Acting Director, Office of Research Administration

Prof. Peter Harris, Director of Student Affairs, Faculty of A. & S.

Prof. John Machin, Department of Zoology
Prof. Wendy Rolph, Department of Spanish & Portuguese

Karel Swift, Asst. Director, Office of Student Awards

Douglas Todgham, Director, Media Centre

Teaching Staff

Prof. Peter Allen

Dr. Kay Armatage

Dr. Roger Greenwald

Dr. Heather MacDougall

Pat McDonnell

Roger Riendeau

Bart Testa

Prof. Anne Whyte

Administrative Staff

David King

Audrey Perry

Sylvia Ritz-Munroe

Alumni

James Penturn

Pumpkin Spashott

ICSS Representatives

Elaine Bauer

Simon Cotter

Cilaime Funnell

Annell Jarvel

Steven Kis

Roddy Macdonald

Mark McDowell

Arnis Mikelsons

Philip Miles

Pat Mitchell

Richard Morley

Hugh Palmer

Kirk Roberts

Cabrielle Rosen

Brian Rowe

Adam Sobolak

John Stogiannis

Chris Wilson

Ex Officio

Tim Cholvat, President of the ICSS

Bruno Ierullo, VP Govt., ICSS

Peggy Seifert, Treasurer of the ICSS

Tim Van Wart, President of the S.A.C.

James Ham

Inniskillin Brae Blanc

Another Canadian wine and one of the few I would serve to a friend I wanted to keep. \$4.95 for the 750ml. size. The price has been as high as \$5.30 but for some reason has been reduced twice. If someone tells you there is no such thing as a good Canadian wine, have them try this.

Venuskrona

This German Moselle was selling at \$6.00 plus a few weeks ago, now it's \$5.10. At \$6.00 it was overpriced for a Deutscher Tafelwein, now it's one of the best bargains around. Buy all you can; I bet the price goes back up or it gets delisted.

Hemus

The bargain of the week. This slightly sweet (2) wine from Bulgaria has been around for a while but seems to have gone unnoticed. Maybe that's why they dropped the price to \$3.95 from \$4.60. It may be a little full-bodied for some but I've always been a fan. At \$4.60 it was a good buy, now it's a must. A good dinner wine.

Some of you may have noticed that I haven't included any red wine in this list. This is because I don't drink much and don't feel qualified to comment. Anything shipped by B&C can be trusted.

Other good whites that deserve a mention are old favorites like *Prix Blanc* and *Lion D'Or*. Also *Cuvee Special* from B&C.

Don't be afraid to experiment with new wines. It's an unfortunate fact that as soon as a wine starts to sell well they usually raise the price. Try to stay ahead of the game. That's it for now. Happy tipping.





INNIS COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



"You will do foolish things, but do
them with enthusiasm."

Colette



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Editorial What's all this fuss about the I.C.S.S. Budget?

Even before our Prime Minister told us so, most of us were aware that in these times we must make sacrifices and "tighten our belts" (even more). Of course, one notices this every time one shops for groceries. Around the university, too, evidence of this is rampant. So it should come as no big surprise that the I.C.S.S. is being, let's say, less generous with its money in certain quarters than it has been in the past.

One reason for this is that full-time students at Innis have been paying the same amount to the Student Society, \$18.00, for years. Instead of raising the fees, the Executive Board has cut back services every year, trying at the same time to maximize each student's dollar. Although as the editor of the Herald I wish I had more money to work with, as a student I appreciate this action on their part.

(Having said all this, I must add that there is the likelihood of a referendum coming up on the subject of increasing Student Society fees for next year. Watch this newspaper for details.)

There are other points to be considered, though. There is the charge that most of the benefits of the money given to the I.C.S.S. aren't enjoyed by the majority of Innis students. For example, most Innis students don't go to the Formal, don't go to Innis parties, don't play Nummies. These activities cost more than they bring in (sometimes much more); in fact, one of the few activities that actually make money for the College is the famous Pinball Room. The only thing that we can be sure almost everyone benefits from is the Newsletter.

What is to be done? Well, perhaps, it is simply that Innis students are not aware of these various activities. I mean, sure, everyone knows about the Formal, we're hearing about it already, but the dates for parties or Farm weekends or the existence of the Drama or Cinema Club are sometimes left rather obscure. In which case more effective advertising is in order.

It is likely, though, that the real reason that more students are not involved is that they choose not to be. This is a familiar political problem: what do you do when the majority of your constituents does not bother to express its opinion or educate itself on the issues? One would expect (in vain) a student community to be a bit more involved.

The Student Services Meetings are open to all Innis students, and they are publicized in the Newsletter, the Herald (see p.11), and the Board outside Room 116. They are open to all Innis students. Unless you plan to radically change the system, this is the route to take if you feel that your interests are not being reflected by the decisions of the Student Society. Find out how those decisions are made, what you can do, and what would happen if you brought 10 people who agree with you to the next meeting. Whatever you may think of the decisions that are made at these meetings (the I.C.S.S. Budget was made at such a meeting), the people there are at least taking the time to make them.



ILLUSTRATION BY ADAM VAUGHAN

Calling All Proponents of the New Aesthetic Sensibility

Anyone interested in helping with end/or contributing to an INNIS COLLEGE LITERARY REVIEW please contact me at 596-0192 or leave your name and number on the prescribed sheet in the ICSS office. This POTENTIAL review will hopefully serve as an indispensable prerequisite for the literary revolution which must inevitably manifest itself at INNIS COLLEGE.

More es the revolution develops...

Aje Heble

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WRIT and the I.C.S.S.

Second, there are Innis students who have received comments on work they have submitted to *WRIT*, although the work was not accepted. Still other students have had their writing published in the magazine. I think that speaks highly of these students' talents, since there are writers with books out, Canada Council grants, and even favorable reviews from Dennis ("Custard Pie") Duffy, who have never managed to get work accepted by *WRIT*, in spite of multiple submissions. (Last year, a first-year Innis student had a story accepted for *WRIT* 13. If he hadn't been in Japan when Student Services met, his joy would have turned the Cold Room into a local version of Mount St. Helens.)

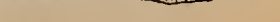
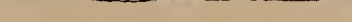
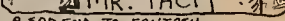
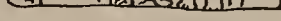
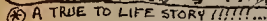
Katie Russell ended her article by remarking that Student Services meetings are attended mainly by ICSS Executive members, and by calling on concerned students to come to the meetings. It strikes me as worthy of attention that two Innis alumnae bothered to come to the meeting described in the article to support WRIT's grant request. One of them is now a student at the School of Architecture; the other, now a librarian, worked on WRIT and had writing published in it when she was an undergraduate from 1969 to 1973. When an Innis student returns after nine years to say how important WRIT was in her undergraduate education, THAT ranks as news.

P.S. Any Innis student who would like a free back issue of *WRIT* can get one by coming to the Writing Lab on a Wednesday or a Friday between 1 and 5 pm.

Another misconception in the article is that: "the operation and funding of college activities are decided upon at these (Student Services) meetings." It is the responsibility of the I.C.S.S. to promote and organize services for the students of Innis College with the funds given us by the Innis College students (\$18 per student). This is only a subset of college activities. It has been our priority in the past and present to allocate the funds provided to the I.C.S.S. as authorized by students in Student Service Meetings, to provide a benefit to as many Innis College students as possible.

Peggy Seifert
I.C.S.S. Treasurer

Comics by Phil Ross



Aesthetics of

by Adam Sobolak

The hoary palace of bones and chain mail across from the Park Plaza has begun to reopen its doors after nearly 70 years of faithful service and two of reworking into the second largest museum on the continent. What little is open seems to be a hit with the notoriously wishy-washy Toronto public so far, and the press has dwelled upon the marvelousness of the "cluster concept" and how it overcomes the musty museum stereotype. With most of the hype taken care of by the other campus newspapers, I shall concentrate on an often-ignored aspect of the ROM—the visual aspect. But history first.

In the beginning, the Royal Ontario Museum really was a bracket term for the collections of the University of Toronto's Archeology, Geology, Mineralogy, Paleontology and Zoology departments. Sir Edmund Walker, an important figure in the early years of the Museum, conceived a building that would bring these collections together, and hired the noted British architect Sir Aston Webb to draw plans. Webb conceived of a series of narrow blocks surrounding light courts, deemed par in the days before atmosphere could be created artificially. As adapted by the prolific Toronto firm of Darling & Pearson, the first stage—the West Wing—was constructed, and opened in 1914. Its design was a Beaux-Arts adaptation of the early Italian renaissance, and the Philosophers' Walk facade remains the most dramatic feature of the Museum's exterior, with its immense glass arches and looming brick mass looking down upon the Taddle Creek valley like a displaced Venetian palace. But because it was only a start, the 1914 section was inadequate functionally and

symbolically; the administrative block and east side were obviously incomplete; and its setting perpendicular to Bloor Street with a meagre entrance made it look like any old university building. The focus was yet to come.

Delayed by war and economic downturn, a major addition to accommodate and disperse the bulging collections finally kicked into overdrive in the late 1920's. The architects chosen, Chapman & Oxley, shifted the main entrance to Queen's Park Crescent and connected the new entrance block with the original by a central "bar", giving the building an "H" shape (or the Webb plan without north and south connectors). Construction was begun in 1931 and completed in 1933, in the depths of the Depression, the last major new public building Toronto would see for a generation.

Architecture was in a traditional state during the Dirty Thirties, with traditionalists sticking by their guns, a new generation paying attention to what was being called the "International Style", and precious little built on a large scale to call the victor. Meanwhile, several Canadian architects, John Lyle in particular, collected and modified elements of the past with the target of a wholly indigenous Canadian style. The ROM addition is one of the most original concoctions of this period, a fact that tends to escape the overaccustomed Torontonians' eye. Its facade has flattened detail in the putatively passé Romanesque vein and roughfaced Queenston limestone that would offend the purist, yet the massing hints at something more modern in outlook, and Charles McKechnie's carving within and without—including the motto panels on either side of the entrance and the gargoyles

above—contains all the angularity of the period with a fair share of John Lyle-inspired Canadiana (sculpted squirrels and the like). A unique sort of Art Deco Romanesque, the facade is remarkably successful, showing Alfred Chapman's careful consideration for scale that give structures like the Ontario Government Building (at the Ex) and the old Metro Library an intimate, almost domestic, feel. Testament is in the way Toronto seems to act like it's "just there".

The originality continues inside; the Rotunda at the entrance is instilled religiosity, reaching upward to a brilliant dome of Venetian glass mosaic. Proceeding westward, one passed the stairwells with their totem poles, through the Armour Court toward one of the expanses of glass on the side of the old building—a breathtaking spatial sequence. Through it and the several levels, a hushed museum-like feeling was preserved. It seems odd that the ROM didn't serve as a model, but it was a matter of time and place; the next generation of museums would be Modern.

The "fingered" plan of the ROM was a result of the separation of each museum, which hadn't been relegated to "department" status yet. Ultimately this and the traditional curatorial arrangements added up to a rather schizophrenic circulation system and a sinking feeling of stodginess. Otherwise the museum survived the next half century with moderate modification and little incident; the Chinese Tomb was shifted from the south court to the north, a cafeteria was constructed, and successful renovations of the Geology, Mineralogy and Vertebrate Paleontology galleries took place during the



PHOTOS BY BRIAN BOYLE. COURTESY ROM

the New ROM

1960's. Most notable was the integral addition of the McLaughlin Planetarium in 1968, a mildly Brutalist structure that succeeded in relating to the programme and in its gentle defiance; the dome can best be described by the worn-out term "pristine" and a planetarium seems an appropriate function to stand aloof from surroundings, while the contained exhibits (now, sadly, dismantled) were postwar classics.

By the mid-1970's the ROM ran out of room again. Moreover, the existing building was inadequate, atmospherically and in terms of modern museum functions. A renovation and expansion was called for; the firms of Mathers and Haldenby and Moffat, Moffat & Kinoshita were called forth to prepare a design. Once approved, construction started in 1978 and continued bumpily until now, at the cost of over \$60 million and some impatience. Full opening is projected for 1984, the 150th birthday of Toronto and 200th of Ontario.

The architects must be praised for preserving the old structure, inevitable as it may have been though the tragic experience of the Art Gallery of Ontario, coldly "boxed in" during the 1970's, suggests otherwise. The Queen's Park and Philosophers' Walk facades retain their old form without intrusion, and the significant aspects of the interior, particularly the rotunda and staircases, shine like new. It is in the new sections where the architects' skill falls short.

An internal judgement of the Terrace Galleries should be saved for the opening in a year or so. Nevertheless, little can be said about their appearance from Bloor Street. The concrete and glass horizontals and cascading form — surely to be enlivened by plants — suggest visions of Roche & Dinkeloo's Oakland Museum dancing in the designer's head, but they resemble nothing so much as open file cabinet of maps and form a jarring, out-of-scale contrast with the older sections that act as bookends. It may look great from above, but there's too much concrete, too close, at street level.

Opposite to the south, the Curatorial Centre is open, and here must ponder how new relates to old. At the very least it is discreet, playing second banana to the great entrance arrangement. The office block is separated from the museum by skylighted atria, inherently pleasant and respectful of energy concerns. A mellow tone of precast concrete was chosen to relate to the original building. The solution is a decent response to modern curatorial demands, with greater subtlety than was apparent in similar buildings of a decade ago (say, the A.C.O.). The problem lies in its very modernity; in its slickness and use of modernity; in its slickness and use of modern materials, the Curatorial Centre could be any office building dropped into the Southern Court, albeit a good background one. Here, too there is an overabundance of hard and cold concrete surfaces, with the ubiquitous circular columns and form holes. Just compare the old Planetarium staircase with the present replacement.

Although only a fraction of the exhibits are presently open, it is useful to pay a visit, not the least because all can be savoured in short period of time, saving the strain when the rest of the galleries open. Nothing presently exists at the ground floor; the Mineralogy and Geology departments, once opposite each other in the Rotunda, have replaced by coat racks, an exhibition hall, a gift shop and a cafeteria, while beyond the staircases and Curatorial Centre installation is still in progress. One can witness, though, the way the Rotunda has been opened up and restored to all splendour, perhaps a bit too much, more of the old feeling can be captured in the staircases, which still shout "Culture!" as they wind around the totem poles. At least we now realize how stuffy the old place was getting.

A cluster system was adopted to group the exhibits and give them a sequential arrangement,



CURATORIAL CENTRE, AUTUMN 1981

with the intent of eliminating the dank pedantry and making each display simple for the average person to comprehend. I fail to understand all this about the "originality" of the concept; Mineralogy, Geology and Vertebrate Fossils did the same thing years before. The Fossils Gallery remains, with a bit of spit and polish and incorporated into the Life Sciences cluster occupying the whole of the second floor (where the removal of the Venus statue eliminated a line of Hollywood in the old structure). Concentrated in one of the Queen's Park wings, this token legacy maintains a sense of cohesion and easy circulation and illustrates the successful aspects of the concept; tedium-reducing "surprise" passageways, instructive showcases and impressive settings with always a dinosaur around the corner. Spreading this through a whole floor, however, may turn out to be troublesome. The new sections of Life Sciences

(Evolution, Botany, Arthropods, Invertebrates, Reptiles) have interesting features, like the "overhead" AV presentation on Darwin in Evolution, but the galleries tend to run into each other all those lit-up displays and dioramas grow tedious after a while. One hopes that the added claustrophobic feeling will be alleviated once the boarding come down. Besides, Geology had more character.

The other opened cluster (or section of such) is The Mediterranean World on third floor, and it is clearly superior in the comprehensibility of the sequence and respect for the Museum's character. Without the use of capricious diagonals and funny angles, and allowing plenty of breathing space, we are offered a palatable and clear chronological record of civilization in Egypt, Rome, Byzantium and Islam. What is open splendidly focuses on the exhibits and history, and everything seems so accessible —

continued on p. 8

Review Poetry Steps Out

by Catherine Russell

"I'm a little stubborn," admits Toronto poet David McFadden, "I just get up and read the poem. I'm not putting down the poets who do use gimmicks and so on. The performance can be just as inventive as the naked poem itself. I loved it in *Poetry in Motion*".

Ron Mann's film that premiered in the Festival of Festivals was an indication of the renewed public interest in poetry, bringing it to a large and appreciative audience. But as McFadden points out, "It's only been a short time since poetry hasn't been pop culture. I see it as an evolutionary thing."

Nevertheless, *Poetry A Go-Go* still sounds like a contradiction in terms. This was the banner under which poetry hit the big time on October 15-17. The three shows at Scufflers, a Toronto nightclub, were exciting exercises in resolving that contradiction.

The Friday night event featured ten poets and a wide range of talents and performance styles. Allotted fifteen minutes each, the illustrious poets were shuffled on and off stage by M.C. Tim Keele, a local D.J. Needless to say, his radioese pattered like a fish out of water.

The most successful readers were those who could meet the demands of a nightclub audience, and whose poetry was intelligent and original. Two black poets, Clifton Joseph and Dion Brand, each had musical accompaniment (Joseph: bongos and flute, Brand: bongos), and seemed most comfortable in the nightclub setting. Although the scope of both poets' subject matter was very broad, the force of their work lay in the personal expressions of racial tension and oppression, complemented by the strong percussive drive of their performances. Brand's reading, especially, was extremely powerful.

David McFadden's reading was also a high point of the night, but not due to any particularly musical underpinnings. As Clifton Joseph bears a certain resemblance to his reggae counterparts in the entertainment industry, McFadden's peculiar affinity to the stand-up comic may explain his Co-Co appeal. One poem told of a cripple's adventures in the Queen's boudoir, how he managed to wheel past security, and how he felt about HRH in bed. This curious rereading of current events is only one facet of McFadden's witty and imaginative material.

A rebirth of poetry into a cultural era that is dominated by visual concerns will inevitably mean some transformation of the poetic medium. McFadden agrees that the emphasis on performance may well "isolate the academic poets, those who aren't really into performing."

The truth of this comment was evident in the first night of *Poetry A Go-Go*, which included a few poets whose work is not necessarily "academic", but isn't as immediately accessible as some others. This kind of reading demands intelligent and sympathetic concentration from an audience. These poets got it, but if they hadn't been part of such a cosmopolitan programme, the cocktail waitress may have eventually usurped them.

Gay Allison, Gwen McEwen and Michael Ondaatje, three more or less established Toronto poets, read the most "polished" and sophisticated work of the evening. Because of the personal tone of their poetry, the two women would have been more comfortable if they'd had the time to warm up to and then reach into their audience. Restricted by the 15 minute time limit, which was met very abruptly by both poets and audience, McEwen in fact commented on her difficulty in "gauging the audience".

Celebrity poet Michael Ondaatje, on the other hand, was prepared for this problem. Instead of reading many short pieces, each requiring tedious introduction and autobiography, he chose one long cycle of poems, entitled *Tin Roof*. The work probably passed right over most heads, but it nevertheless inspired the most resounding applause of the evening.

"There is a demand for this kind of thing," McFadden claims. About Ondaatje, he feels that the recent media visibility is not necessarily due to McClelland and Stewart's larger publicity budget (compared to Coach House Press, who were responsible for Ondaatje's previous books,



and for launching many Canadian poets), but because "His work is just getting more interesting". There is also the fact that *Running in the Family* is Ondaatje's first major prose work.

McFadden goes on to say that "Poetry is generally attracting some kind of audience." But the people who organize it (events like *Poetry A Go-Go* and *Poetry in Motion*) are really part of that audience, choosing those poets who appeal to them. And he also points out that "There are a lot of really bad poets around."

Poetry is in the end a matter of taste, and Robert Zend may well be some people's cup of tea. At least he had no trouble holding the attention of the Scufflers audience. Their appreciation of his witty little ponderings ("People have one thing in common / They're all different") inspired him to read more. And more, until, after 25 minutes in which he was clearly enjoying himself, perhaps even more than the audience, Keele had to almost forcibly remove him from the stage.

Angela Day, who opened the show, was apparently "discovered" at the Olympics, playing chess. Why they didn't leave her there I don't know. She crooned some schlocky ballads of her own composition in an amateur contralto and accompanied herself with some horrendous electric piano-playing.

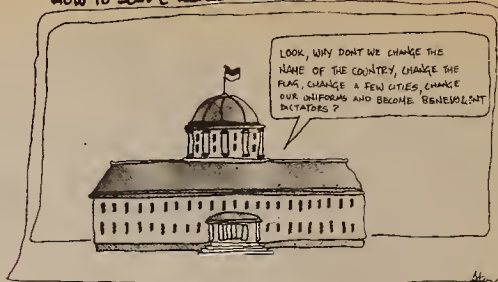
An act more suited to a nightclub than a poetry reading was Ken and Kate Lywood's interpretation of D.M. Thomas' *White Hotel*. While Ken read of Ana's experiences in the *White Hotel* with Freud's son, Kate squirmed around in a black lace negligee. The audience tolerated this pretentious pornography for a while, but persuaded the couple to leave the stage when their fifteen minutes had definitely elapsed.

Despite the somewhat bizarre diversions, most people waited out the marathon reading, including the two half-hour breaks for Scufflers to push their \$2.00 quaffs.

Whether the meeting of poetry and show-biz is a significant synthesis of art and entertainment is food for thought, but the success of this second *Poetry A Go-Go* (the first was in July) is indicative of just how the gap is closing. "Poetry is coming back to the people," Clifton Joseph says, "out of the books" (although there was a certain amount of book pushing going on). While the exclusive price (\$6.00 cover) may determine just who it's coming back to, and the promoters may be responsible for just who is coming back, *Poetry A Go-Go*, like *Poetry in Motion*, proved a couple of things.

Poetry events do tolerate variety, so that the presentation medium - the film and the nightclub - can be satisfied, as well as the audience's various tastes. Concessions can be made, but not at the expense of the integrity of this neglected art. Ron Mann saw the essential feature of his film as being mere diversity, a comment that was repeated by many of its viewers. And the reason why everyone can be pleased and few can be offended by a cosmopolitan programme, is that poetry is fun.

HOW TO SOLVE WORLD PROBLEMS:



SOMEWHERE IN EL SALVADOR

ROM continued from p. 7

none of the space leakage old, yet no tight cubbyholes or sterile plastic portholes protecting the artifacts, either. The visitor is never overwhelmed or bullied by his surroundings. There's a sense of *being there*, and I don't just mean the specific time period of the artifacts. Best of all is the Islam Gallery, with its replication of everyday Islamic culture; what makes the tiny court wonderful are not just the mosaics (whose preservation forms a story in itself) or the fountain in the centre, but the intimacy of the whole, as though it belonged to your rich cousin rather than the hardened old ROM.

If the ROM's aim was to brush away the old "cultural repository" feeling, it has succeeded. The building no longer feels like a sarcophagus. While not as distinguished as one might hope, the additions are proper and do not holler for attention. Similarly, the galleries within are nothing new, but evince a great effort to make museum-visiting a more pleasant experience. Sometimes, though, they try a little too hard to provide "family entertainment". And I sometimes wonder whatever happened to the good, old-fashioned, lethargic ROM. The inscriptions on either side of entrance read: THE RECORD OF NATURE THROUGH COUNTLESS AGES AND THE ARTS OF MAN THROUGH ALL THE YEARS. The publicity today goes: "What A Place!"

Fifty years make a difference.

Clubs at Innis

by Cary Kataoka

Are you basically introverted? Does your sble interest lie purely in obtaining an intensive training in academic fields in an artificial, sterile environment; you just want to get your marks and get out?

I'm sure most of you vibrant Innis students infected with "la joie de vivre" (no, it's not a strain of Herpes) answered no to each of the above. Just for you artistically, creatively inclined, thinking people, we have designed an intensive program of special interest activities in the form of the clubs listed below. These clubs are specifically designed to fill a gap ... to enrich your otherwise totally academic university experience. So get involved! Have fun! Join an Innis College club!

BRIDGE CLUB:

Are spades the symbol of your success? Hearts? Clubs? Diamonds? Does your partner get extremely frustrated when you do a "premature play"? If you can make sense of the above, come on out, have some fun, and make some new friends while playing in the bridge tournament.

CHESS:

If "check-mate, mate" really lights up your day, then you'll have ample opportunity to light up in the Chess Club. There will be a tournament. Hopefully, we'll be seeing some glowing people around (and I'm not talking about visitors from Three Mile Island).

CINEMA:

Are all your best moments on screen, recorded on celluloid? If the flashing red light on top of a movie camera (or sitting in an air-conditioned theatre for the rest of your life) is your life's ambition (or you're at least vaguely interested) then come out to the cinema club, where all aspects of cinema will be investigated. We are planning films, lectures, and may possibly borrow some equipment from Hart House to make some flicks of our own.

CYCLINC: T.B.A.

DRAMA:

Are you a closet Marcel Marceau? Do you feel a need to educate the world of the absurdity, impermanence, triumph of mankind? Do you enjoy making a total fool out of yourself? If you do, we have the perfect forum for you in the form of the drama club. All aspects of the dramatic arts will be investigated (including how to lose face in front of a large group of people and not care). Small productions, workshops and lectures are planned.

STACE BAND:

Do you have an old horn stuck at the back of your closet collecting dust? Ever wonder what you could do with your otherwise useless high school music education? Do you have musical aspirations other than becoming the next Ozzie Osbourne? Well, grab your old horn, grab that old snare drum that your using for a book-end, come out and make some beautiful music with the Innis College Stage Band. We'll be starting out with easy Junior Stage Band pieces, so don't be shy ... we'll take anyone with any musical background. Just bring your own instrument and we'll fit you in some where.

DUNCEONS AND DRAGONS:

If your idea of fun is lurking around in a dark wet dungeon avoiding everything from monsters to evil wizards, then the D&D club is just for you. We'll be meeting once a week and dungeons will be provided. Rank amateurs welcome.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Skill Testing Questions:

- 1) What is the brightest source of light ever encountered in photography?
- 2) What is the most important aspect of nude photography?
- 3) In what photographic situation is it impossible to avoid grain?

For these answers and more covering many aspects of photography join the photography club.

I know many of you people are weak minded and need instant gratification, so here are the answers to the above questions.

- 1) The crack underneath your darkroom door.
- 2) Overexposure.
- 3) When photographing wheat fields.

By the time you read this, the first meetings will have already been held, but we need ^{all} support we can get, so late-comers are ^{always} welcome. If you're interested in joining a club, just leave your particulars and the name of the club you would like to join in the Clubs mailbox located in the I.C.S.S. office.

By the way, for those poor unfortunate, deprived souls who answered yes to any or some of the original questions, join a club anyway ... we can help you.

Innis Video Games

by Fred Mott

The Innis College Pinball/Video games room has been somewhat of a tradition here at Innis in the past, so much so that the Varsity supplement of two years ago dubbed us the 'Nickleodeon College'.

The tradition has proved to be very lucrative for the Innis College Student Society (I.C.S.S.). At the fall Budget meeting, it was disclosed that the machines were expected to net \$1200 for the ICSS. "I may have underestimated the profits from the video games", admitted Tim Cholvat at the meeting. Any additional funds can be well used by the under-funded Cinema club or put in to the fast-disappearing savings.

There have, however, been some problems with the machines this year. The original machines were owned by a man named Dean Warren, and the ICSS was not receiving a good deal. The ICSS was to receive 40% of the revenues. Under the new contract with Coinex Ltd., the ICSS will receive 50% of the revenues.

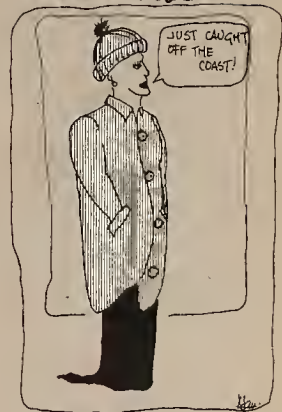
Problems have arisen due to a contract that Warren felt was still binding at the time this story was written. Warren claims "you've stabbed me in the back and I'm not going to take it".

Additional problems with Warren's machines stemmed from the fact that he couldn't keep them in working order. This was bad for the popularity of the room and may have ruined the popularity of Innis video.

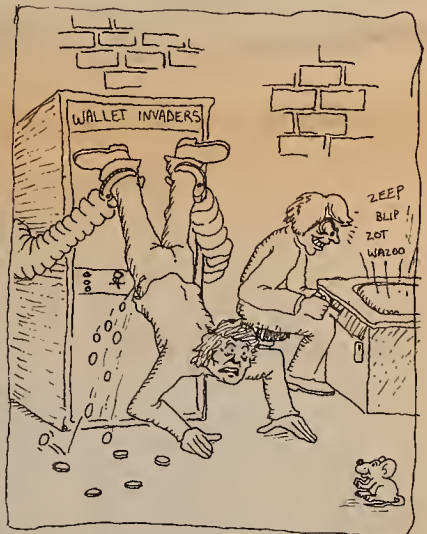
Bob Elliot of Coinex claims that his machines won't be broken down for more than a twenty-four hour period, because the producers offer replacement machines if repairs are to take longer than a day. Elliot also says that "if the arcade goes over well, we'll bring in more machines" (presently there are four machines).

The ICSS is also expected to go on an advertising crusade to bring in the old crowds, that made the room as profitable as it was. There is also talk of a video games tournament that is expected to bring in a large amount of revenue and free-press as well as bringing the arcade into the light of the campus again.

HOW TO SOLVE WORLD PROBLEMS



INSTEAD OF WEARING SEAL COATS WEAR THE SEALER'S COATS!



A Note to the Innis Community from Dennis Duffy

Thanks to everyone who gava to, worked for, end cema to our Fall Fair. It was tremendous fun (32 cesas of beer!) and raised \$600.00 for our Kitchen Sink Fund. By all accounts, it was one of our finest affairs, since it brought together all the estates of tha Collega. Wa ell owe each other a greet role of thanks, and e lot more good times together.

Eighty percent of all air pollution comes from trees.
Ronald Reagan

The Inheritance

by Henry Waiter

Delusion: the nauseating smoke.

The curling, ash-grey smoke that smells so nice but sickens so ruthlessly, the six-foot knitting needle that slides coldly, the black hand that strips you naked and cowering, hiding your eyes from the laughing gaze of loved ones. The awful, disgusting lamenting smoke.

He lay where he dreamed, where the horrible women crept somehow into his locked room and pulled up chairs to his bed and whispered evil stories into his sleeping ear. Cackling, laughing young girl's laughs once again, they would cry "My turn! My turn!" in the perfection of their abhorrent art. He wondered where they stayed, what they did while he was awake and capable of defending himself, not held fast and sweating in the clutches of sleep.

The day returned to him, there sucking the poison of his agony, nurturing his hurt like a child rubbing a scabbed elbow. Graham's cello, the auditorium the girl who clicked off the lights one by one just before the recital. And the old woman. Especially the old woman.

"Wisdom comes with age," he murmured to himself. His tongue felt numb. It reminded him of the times his parents would arrange to call him Sundays at nine-thirty in the morning when the rates were cheaper. He would groggily drag himself out of bed at nine-fifteen and sit by the phone, talking to himself until the ring just to make sure he was coherent and audible. Waking up was awful. Sleeping was worse. Sleep meant he was forced to lie helplessly and watch the bloody pictures move, hear the moanings and giggles of horrid women asking questions like "Do you hear me? Do you hear me?" when they knew full well he did.

It was almost done. He pushed open the end of it to allow for a larger opening and sucked, holding it by his fingernails to avoid being burnt. It hurt, and he knew it would throw him into deep, deep nausea, but that would go away and leave him softened.

It was the ashes that did it; making them from leftovers retained the dry blackness of death, or

rather of the dying embers that contained the other lives. However, he had run out and this was unavoidable.

It was gone. He put it out.

He lay back in the darkness and closed his eyes. The bed gathered speed, slowly rotating, then faster, then faster, much faster than ever before, too fast, he was going to vomit, he opened his eyes. The room stopped with a jarring slap and he felt sicker than ever. But he knew that would go away.

So it was Brahms' first cello concerto. Or perhaps Beethoven. Did Beethoven write cello concertos? Well, it was some sort of concerto, anyways. There was Graham on the cello, an a tubby woman playing a huge grand piano that looked about five times her size. He remembered marvelling at how her mere fingertips, perhaps two square inches in area, could evoke such loud, powerful sounds from the piano beast. And there was a stupid-looking man with a triangular head who got up every five minutes, looked concerned, and flipped the page for the tubby woman at the piano.

The music was incredible. It was big blue pools of gelatin, with a diving board so you could gracefully plunge head first into the heady stuff. He lost time, hearing only the pained grunts of the cello and the rhythmic breathing of his neighbor.

Fiction

There was some sort of a big scream and the first half was over. The girl turned the lights on again one by one.

Change

by Roddy Macdonald

The whole neighbourhood is going to change. It just won't ever be the same again. When the change comes it will be total.

Outside my window, just beyond the little robin's nest - abandoned this year for better quarters in the neighbours' tree - I can see across the street to where Mrs. Kylos is sweeping her porch. Back and forth, back and forth, back and forth; she has the same routine every morning. That porch must be the tidiest on the whole street. Her flower pots on the window sill are rotated every day to make sure that they each get an even light. That will change, of course, I won't see Mrs. Kylos again; won't hear that familiar back and forth swish of her broom.

The robins come to my window. They still collect crumbs even if they have moved next door. The young ones cry out in the spring and demand attention. Maybe they moved so they wouldn't disturb me like they did last year. I didn't mind. They won't disturb me any more because they won't be there; everything will change. Their big tree dapples the light that falls on my floor. The falling leaves make furtive shadows across my room. The colours are wonderful at this time of year: bright reds and yellows, mellow golds and russets, deep crimson. They change gradually - so slowly that I can't measure it, but so quickly that they're gone before I know it. I expect that will all change too. It would seem only natural since everything

else is going to change; but some things have to stay the same I guess. Perhaps then, I'll still wake up to the sound of leaves rustling in the breeze and the birds announcing the arrival of the dawn.

In the yard next door to Mrs. Kylos' I can see several young children playing. The yard is fenced off to protect them from the traffic, but still their mother keeps an anxious eye on them from the living room window. The children pile large foam blocks to create a castle. Attempts by the youngest of the three to breach the walls are met with heavy resistance and the fortress holds until some treachery from within causes the blocks to burst assunder, producing surprise and laughter in friend and foe alike. There will be no castles when the change comes. Their mother is, I think, a piano teacher. The staccato repetitions of simple scales and tunes is never-ending throughout the day. At regular intervals young children arrive, delivered - and later collected - by dowdy women wearing ugly hats and driving expensive cars. That will all change when I move; the uplifting sounds of children's laughter won't reach my room above the din of heavy traffic.

My outlook on the whole world is framed by the faded paint around my window. My world is within the four walls of my room, the limits of my space, enclosing me in a cocoon of my own design, reflecting my tastes and my faults. Here I am without inhibition, without boundary or censure. The world beyond my door is the outside. It's a place where I can also be at home, but where the limits are imposed on me by others and so reflect nothing of my desires. The view from

He had only praise. He talked and talked to his neighbor about this and that, what is and what is not treading the conversation in subconscious mimicry of the music before.

That damned conversation. He agonized over it, a cruel mixture of anger and humiliation. What had he said? He wondered over it, trying to recall the topics, one by one, but it wasn't some lecture where everything was annotated and delineated. It was just a damned conversation.

And all the while, he imagined the old woman sitting behind him, soaking it all in, recording everything that fit, quietly listening, nodding, and laughing. That horrible laughter.

He was still nauseous. It will go away, he thought.

And then the music started again, after the girl had turned the lights off one by one. It was the same, but it was wonderfully different. The cello creaked and belched, the piano screeched and yelped, and the guy with the triangular head danced to it all. And then it was over, again. Machine-like, the patients having received medication, the girl turned the lights on one by one.

There was a swirling in the hall outside, everyone rushing up to Graham to shake his hand and then floating away in little three-or-four person eddies. I was caught by the current too, shook Graham's hand too. Then I was outside, looking at the dark raining sky and buttoning up my jacket and the old woman came to me.

And I looked at her, remembering faintly her face, remembering that I had seen her sitting in the aisle just behind mine, in the seat just behind mine, and then she said I was a Narcissist and that I didn't care about anyone else but me and that I was just like all the other young people today only worse and she made a scene right there in the doorway and I thought she was going to spit in my face but she left.

She just left. She just left me there, standing with spilled mustard all over my crotch.

He thought about all the possibilities. She could have been some psychopathic bag-lady who like cello or wandered into the conservatory because it was raining. She could have been some concerned grandmother who had a grandson about his age who was always stealing her laundry-dromat quarters to buy hits of LSD. She could have been some enraged English teacher who really saw right through him.

He was still nauseous.

He wanted to cry.

He closed his eyes, and the vertical bedspins came.

Around the corner, at an all-night donut shop, a group of old women were silently huddled about a glass table. One looked at her watch and said, "It's time," and they all left.

my window, on the other hand, is full of familiar things; neither a part of the outside nor a true part of my room. It is more than a painting on the wall and yet less than a letter from a friend. When I move next week I will lose all that I can see from my window. For me it will all cease to exist, or at least melt back into the outside world. My room I can transplant to a new location. The elements will be rearranged, but they will not be changed. They may have new relationships with each other, but for me they will remain constant. The trees, the birds, the neighbours and their children will all be gone, though, replaced by new things. The view from my new window will just be a view of the outside, it won't come close to being part of my room. That view will take a long time to come into my room; at first I'll have to look outside to see it, but perhaps by degrees it will come through the frame and meet with my world.

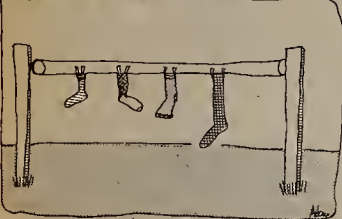
The piano lessons are over for the day, I can hear the teacher playing for her own enjoyment - what a difference! I don't have to look outside to know that Mrs. Kylos has finished sweeping; she's in the kitchen making lunch. The breeze is shaking the leaves just enough to knock a few off the tree - I can see their shadows skit across my floor. The view from my window pours in to where I sit and floods my senses. That will all change when I move. For a time anyway.

HOW TO SOLVE WORLD PROBLEMS:



FEED THEM FOOD INSTEAD OF REPORTS

HOW TO SOLVE WORLD PROBLEMS:



BAN EVERYTHING BUT SPARE SOCKS

Fuzz Says:

Write for the Herald.

Or else!

Next deadline:

Fri., Nov. 19, 1982.

I.C.S.S. Student Services Meetings — 1st Semester

Monday, October 18, 7:00 p.m.
Wednesday, November 3, 4:15 p.m.
Monday, November 15, 4:15 p.m.
Wednesday, December 1, 4:15 p.m.

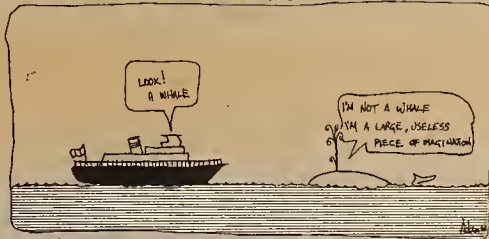
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(aeries)

"Did you gat the help you wanted from your Writing Lab appointment?"
"Oh yes! Much more than I expected."

appointment: 978-4871

HOW TO SOLVE WORLD PROBLEMS:



TELL THEM THEY ARE ALREADY EXTINCT!

Herald Classifieds

Herald Classifieds are free. Just write your message out (legibly), and include your name and phone number so we can contact you if we need to. Then simply drop it off at the Herald mailbox in the I.C.S.S. office

(that room right next door to the St. George St. entrance) or in the envelope outside the Herald office (rm. 305 of the old building). There, now, that's not so hard, is it?

Amneety International Meeting: Speaker will be Richard Koech, U. of T. graduate, International Press and Communications Officer for A.I.: Nov. 12, 8 o'clock. Newman Centre.

Unfurnished room for rent—Bathurst College. Shared kitchen and bathroom. \$180 per month. Call Helen 923-0999.

Juliette turntable, amp. and speakers. \$55 or best offer (good condition). Chris 591-1329.

Word Processing Service: 25 years business experience. Quality work by professionals. Fast, accurate, dependable. Specializing in theses, manuscripts, technical reports and persuasive resumes. 968-6327.

For Sale: Bathtub with faucet, c. 1930. A classic Call 977-4569, 10-6 only.

Connie and Lola, won't you please come home?

Are you insecure? Felling? Having paralyzing peer pressure problems? Dropping too many tabs and classes? Call your professional personalized peer counsellor before he calls you.

WANTED: MAT 139 and CHEM 150 notes, tests, and exams, would be much appreciated. Call Ted 598-7075 or call at 42 Sussex.



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A Series of Films and Lectures by Norman Jewison

Place:
Cumberland Four Theatre,
Bloor St. West
and Avenue Road.

Time:
Doors open at 1:30 p.m.
Screening for 2 p.m. sharp.

Admission free.

Presented by:
Victoria College
and the
Cinema Studies Programme
University of Toronto

Obtain tickets in advance from
the Cinema Studies Programme
instructors or, after November 15,
Room 101, New Academic
Building, Victoria College,
2-4 p.m. For further information
call 978-3806.

Monday November 22

The Filmmaker
and the Script
... And Justice For All (1979)

Tuesday November 23

The Filmmaker:
Camera and Design
Jesus Christ Superstar (1973)

Wednesday November 24

The Filmmaker
and Editing
The Thomas Crown Affair (1968)

Thursday November 25

The Filmmaker
and the Public
The Russians are Coming.
The Russians are Coming (1966)

Friday November 26, Room 3,

New Academic Building, Victoria
College 2 p.m. Norman Jewison:
Filmmaker (1971). Followed by an
open forum with Mr. Jewison.

Additional evening screenings,
without the presence of Mr.
Jewison, will be held in Room 3,
New Academic Building, Victoria
College at 8 p.m. Admission free,
tickets at door.

Tuesday November 23:
The Cincinnati Kid (1965)

Wednesday November 24:
In the Heat of the Night (1967)

Thursday November 25:
Rollerball (1975)



The University Lunch and Learn Club

by Art Wood

The LUNCH AND LEARN CLUB has been sponsored by the School of Continuing Studies and held at Innis College since 1976. The Club was established as a poor man's Canadian Club, and meets every Friday at noon in Innis Town Hall. Various topics over the years have brought speakers from all fields into the College and the Club has been exceptionally resourceful in highlighting areas of current concern.

Under a special arrangement between the School and Innis College, members of the Innis Community may attend these lectures free of charge on presentation of a pass available from Sian Evans or Art Wood.

The first series of lectures this semester is entitled NATIONAL SECURITY AND THE AFTERMATH OF THE McDONALD COMMISSION and runs until November 26th. It is being co-ordinated under the chairmanship of Prof. Peter Russell, former Principal of Innis, who played a central role in the McDonald Commission's enquiry. Below is the schedule for

this first series.

- 29 Nov. "The Rule of Law and National Security." Alan Mewett, Faculty of Law, U. of T.; editor, *Criminal Law Quarterly*.
- 5 Nov. "The Organization and Function of a Security Service: A Security Point of View". John Starnes, former Director General, RCMP Security Service.
- 12 Nov. "Ministerial Responsibility for National Security Activities". John L.J. Edwards, Faculty of Law, U. of T.; Special Legal Adviser to the McDonald Commission.
- 19 Nov. "Parliament's Role in Security Matters". C.E.S. Franks, Department of Political Studies, Queen's University; author of *Parliament and Security Matters*.
- 26 Nov. "The Role of the Judiciary in National Security." Martin Friedland, Faculty of Law, U. of T.; author of *National Security: the Legal Dimensions*.

Write for the Herald

Stop by the Office Mon. - Wed. 2-4, or Fri. at that time, to discuss possible topics, or simply drop material off in the mailbox at the I.C.S.S. office, or the Herald office (rm. 305) (above the Pub). (And by the way... please type your work if possible, on one side of the page only, and double-space.)